[Original.]
It was nearing the close of the July day preceding the one we celebrate by gun-firing, bell-ringing and reckless indulgence in cooling beverages not always free from alcoholic suggestions.

Vandyke Brown was sitting at comparative ease in a hard-bottomed chair

on the front stoop of an ancient hos-telry in a little old half-forgotten couny village, congratulating himself in sing removed—sa far as is possible in atriotic America—from the usual Independence Day tumult. Six weeks previous he had taken up his abode at "Briggs' Tavern"— to use the Way-back vernacular—where with one

Thank Heaven for the prospect of a et, restful 'Fourth,'" murmured Brown, exhaling a sigh of somewhat mingled cast with a volume of fragrant cigar smoke, as he glanced down the wide elm-shaded street which, in the dusty distance, dwindled into the stage dusty distance, dwindled into the stage road between Wayback and the busy shire town of Pigwacket itself, the nearest connecting link between Wayback and the social centers of civilization. The only visible signs of life were Deacon Pipers' ox team jogging leisurely homeward, a knot of life were resulting in front of Jones' waits leisurely homeward, a knot of sitting in front of Jones' variety store, and half-a-dozen boys comaring notes on the subject of fire-rackers, near the country pump. Yet no happiness is complete, nor is

Yet no happiness is complete, nor is here perfect peace, on this side of the ereafter. Vandyke Brown had already aperienced the crumpled roseleaf of is couch. There was a suggestion of resence in the gloomy look which ust toward the further end of the lazza where a remarkably pretty oung lady sat dividing her time qually between a hammock, a novel and the Widow Briggs' Tommy, aged

ness of the metaphoric roseleaf which caused Brown to wriggle uneasily in his chair, and then rise rather abrupthis chair, and then rise rather abruptly, as though to move away. Or possibly the impulse was due to another cause. For as he thus uprose, so to his momentary dismay did the chair—adhering with unpleasant tenacity to his summer trousers, and as his choler rose so did his color. Particularly

when from the vicinity of the hammock he heard a sound as of a repressed ripple of faint laughter blended with a loud snicker from Tommy Briggs. "Guess some of that air soft tar we was usin' on the pear trees got dropped accidentally onto the chair-seat," mendatiously suggested Tommy, as soon as his freekled face had calmed to its as his freckled face had calmed to its usual expression of artless innocence. But Vandyke Brown, wrathfully wrenching himself and the chair apart, started up-stairs to his room, where, after a change of garments, he sat for hours smoking at the open window, a prey to melancholy and mosquitoes. He was an overworked journalist of considerable mental ability, to whom complete rest and quiet had been enjoined for a season. "Nervous prostra-

ned for a season. "Nervous prostra-on" the doctor called it. His appeite was nil. One-half his brain sat up ghts to watch the other half trying sleep, and he had no heart for work. Miss Vanvarre, his fair

But, alas, this young lady who had perfect health not only affected a total inconsciousness of the latter symptom, but with a frankness peculiar to herbut with a frankness peculiar to her-self blandly asserted that nerves were a belief and drugs an abomination. And when finally she laughingly ac-cused Brown of being a slave to bromides, he was secretly wroth and answered so sharply that for a day or two a coolness had sprung up between them. Whereby he had also incurred the enmity of Tommy Briggs, who, be-ing Miss Vanvarre's avowed cham-pion, strongly resented Mr. Brown's ing Miss Vanvarre's avowed champion, strongly resented Mr. Brown's attitude in such ways as his mischievous ingenuity suggested. Which probably accounted not only for the adhesive episode of the evening, but also for the discovery, as he prepared for bed, of two diminutive yet remarkably lively young mud-turtles, each the size of a trade dollar, between his bed sheets—startlingly suggestive for the moment of his exaggerated fears regarding the possibilities of a strange bed.

fears regarding the possibilities of a strange bed.

Reassured by a second glance, Brown meekly removed the intruders, reflecting that they were in a sense merely a proof of Tommy's chivalrous devotion to the object of his own affections. As a slight sacrifice in the same direction, he omitted his usual dose of bronide and retired.

"Of course I shall lie awake, but it won't be to listen to horn-blowing, pistol-firing and the usual 'we won't go home till morning' chorus," Brown told himself as he drew the curtains of the mosquito bar closely, and with a firm resolve to apologize for his surliness in the morning. Brown rather to his surprise felt himself gradually drifting into a delicious doze, when—

The explosion was directly under his low, made every pane of glass rattle and nearly jarred Brown out of bed! And with the smoke of burning gunpowder rose the voice of Tommy

"Load her up ag'in Joe! Three seers for Fourth er July and Gen'ral

Above the rattle of an iron ramrod n a small swivel pealed a chorus of



shrill "boorays" from some twenty juvenile throats. Mr. Brown, erecting himself in bed, clenched his teeth closely together and vainly tried to call up his previous feelings of leniency toward chivairous Tommy.

"Now, then, fellers! Ready! aim!

"Bang!" went the swivel again, followed by an irregular fusillade, in don't he, Miss Doris?" was his unflated it don't want to retard the prowhich old army muskets, shot-guns tering comment, as having transferred the convalescents."— Tid-Bits.

and horse-pistols bore explosive parts. The Widow Briggs was heard to leave her couch and rush to the window, in a ruffled night-dress and a similar state of mind:

"You Thomas Gordon Briggs-com inter the house this instant minnit!" Thomas Gordon Briggs giggled convulsively, but made no reply. A momentary silence was broken by loud whispering, and then came the clatter of retreating bootheels along the sidewalk. Briggs returned to bed, Brown, with every nerve at a tension, laid his head back on the pillow slowly trying to persuade himself the

the entertainment was over.

Alas, it had but begun, and he been listening to the opening chorus. Headed by irrepressible Tommy, re-lays of boys invaded the sanctity of the church, and from midnight till dawn the clangor of the Methodist bell was profusely punctuated with the popping of firearms and shouts of hilarious ju-

Mr. Brown's savage glare across the breaktast table on the following morn-ing was in marked contrast to Tommy Briggs' look of artless candor, and the slightly mischievous smile which hovered about Miss Vanvarre's lips as she nodded a cool response to his own curt greeting.

The Widow Briggs hoped, as she

poured out the matutinal coffee, that Mr. Brown slept tolerably well. Mr. Brown's reply, both short and snappy caused Miss Vanvarre to open her violet eyes rather wider than usual. And the widow detecting her son, who was on the verge of a giggle, in the act of winking facetiously at Miss Doris over the rim of his cup, led him choking and gasping from the table by the

be of his ear.

After breakfast Mr. Brown betool After breakfast Mr. Brown betook himself to a seat on the piazza, where, in gloomy silence, he listened to the irritating popping of an inexhaustible supply of fire-crackers exploded by Master Briggs, aided and abetted, as nearly as he could judge, by Miss Vanvarre, who swung indolently in her hammock behind a leafy screen not very for away.

But the fire-crackers lost their arm, and after dinner Tommy, greatto Mr. Brown's relief, betook self to the village-green. Miss Van-varre also had disappeared. The Widow Briggs guessed she'd gone down to the pond after lilies. And, curiously enough, it suddenly occurred to Brown that in the peaceful shores of Timson's pond, far from the mad-dening crowd of Wayback juveniles, he could commune with nature alone.

"She isn't here, after all," he grumbled, as after a somewhat hurried walk through an orchard of gnarled appletrees he reached the shady shore of the rees he reached the shady shore of

miniature lake.

Possibly "she" was a reference to nature. Yet the eagerly expectant gaze which he sent in every direction. would seem to suggest something more han the observance of a mere imper-

of blue over which the trees bent lov-ngly, as though admiring the pictured reflection of their shapely limbs, was a miniature island belted about with ily pads whose green was spotted at frequent intervals by white blossoms. On the island shore stood Miss Vanvarre, close to a clumsy, flat-bottomed diff belonging to Tommy Briggs. being Brown in the distance, the young lady waved her handkerchief

"A flag of truce," murmured Mr. rown, "but what-"I-have-no-oars," called the fair exile, and Brown grasped the situation at once. Miss Vanvarre had probably pushed out in the oarless boat as far as the fringing lily pads and been drifted by the gentle breeze to the island shore!

After the manner of most imagina tive lovers, Brown had burned for an pportunity of distinguishing himself in the sight of the object of his afction, and here was a chance. True, Miss Vanvarre was not in peril, but most assuredly she was in distress. There was no other boat on the pond which itself was known to be of fabuous depth, and a raft was beyond his onstructive powers.

All these thoughts passed rapidly through the young man's mind, as, rapidly divesting himself of his light serge coat and vest, hat and shoes, Mr. Brown, who in his best estate was not only a fairly good swimner, but something of an athlete as well, entered the water, which was unpleasantly cool by reason of its depth, and struck boldly out for the island, nearly an eighth of a mile away, where a fashionably-dressed Hero awaited the coming of a scantily-attired Leander.

"Mr. Brown, how could you be sooolish," was the salutation which reached his ears as he began striking right and left to force his way throug the maze of lily pads whose prensile stems, twining themselves about his limbs, suddenly began dragging him under with resistless force.

"My God," he involuntarily exlaimed, and to her horror Miss Vanvarre saw his pale face disappear under the lily leaves, not ten feet away! Springing into the skiff she pushed it toward the spot just in time to grasp in her own the hand he had thurst convulsively to the surface. In another moment, dripping like a river god and prowned as to his head with pickerel veed. Mr. Brown was sitting in the boat's bottom gasping for breath, while Miss Vanvarre, pale, but composed, sat on one of the thwarts steadfastly re-

"Miss Vanvarre-Doris." he finally aid, in a rather agitated voice, "I owe you my life, and if the devotion of a-"

"W-h-a-n-g!"

A deafening report in close proxim ity drowned the conclusion of the ar-dent appeal and drew a slight scream from Miss Vanvarre, whose pallor had given place to a roseate flush. Taking dvantage of their preoccupation Tommy Briggs had announced his coming by an unexpected salute from the prim tive cannon that he had mounted on the raft of fence poles which he was slowly sculling toward them from the

opposite shore.
"Ship er hoy!" hailed the engaging outh, whose features were decorate with a broad grin, and "strike yer olors or I'll blow ye outer water!'

"All right Tommy-I've surrend ered," unthinkingly called Miss Vanvarre to cover her embarrassment. And then conscious of the double entendre which might be thus conveyed she blushed still more deeply as sh met Mr. Brown's impassioned gaze. Mr. Brown's narrow escape as brief ly explained to Tommy did not affect his outward composure in the least.

"Looks kinder like a drowndid rat,

his cannon and the oars to the skiff, he suffered the raft to go adrift.

"My, though," continued the observirg boy, while Brown, having shipped the oars, was pulling rapidly to shore, "ain't your face red, Miss Doris—you ar'ter wored a vail."

Miss Vauvarre murmured something Mr. Brown, having recovered his dis carded habiliments, was hurrying back through the orchard without even a parting look from Miss Vanvarre,

whose attention was claimed by the irrepressible Tommy.
When half an hour afterward Brown

street to buy fire-works for Tommy Briggs, who had accompanied her, and it was not till long after supper that Brown was able to obtain speech of the fair girl, who, with a shyness entirely foreign to her usual frank self-posses-sion, had seemed to evade his ap-

In front of the piazza Tommy Briggs, in company with a select circle of ju-venile friends, was sending up rockets and Roman candles, while rounding atmosphere was sibilant with whizzing pin-wheels and hissing ser-pents of fire.

Doris, in some airy white fabric stood leaning against one of the plazza pillars with a half dreamy look in her violet eyes, which fell suddenly before er lover's ardent glance.

"Doris," he whispered, as he tool her unresisting hand, "at last I can"-"Pop-pop-pop" went half a bunch of fire-crackers, tossed at their feet by playful Tommy Briggs.

Almost simultaneously a shrill scream from Mrs. Briggs, in the front door,

rent the air. "Fi-er! - water! Miss Doris, you



words had left her lips. Miss Vanvarre's light dress flamed up about her! There was neither rug or blanket or

strip of carpet nearer than the sittingroom, but quicker almost than the realization of the fact had flashed through Vandyke Brown's mind, he had stripped off his loose, negligee coat of white fiannel, and wrapped it about the fair girl's head and shoulders! Holding her and it closely in the em-Holding her and it closely in the embrace of his left arm, he tore fiercely at the blazing dress fabric with his disengaged hand, crying hoarsely for some of the held and the whole cleaned up as neatly as possible. Large roots that have been brought to the surface but home they are peevish and irritable, and the mothers wonder what is

Well, it was Tommy Briggs himself who was first to respond. Tearing to the spot with two brimming pails from the horse trough close by, he dashed the contents one after another over Miss Vanvarre, who, pressing her white face to her lover's breast, had uttered neither cry nor moan.

And, too, it was Tommy Briggs who without waiting to be told, dashed off after the doctor, while Miss Vanvarre was being tenderly carried to her room. And finally it was Tommy Briggs who was found by Mr. Brown after the latter had had his own burns properly dressed, lying out on the lawn with his face buried in his grimy hands crying as though his heart would break, and refusing to be comforted until the young man had assured him that Miss Vanvarre's burns were comparatively slight, and she had even sent her love to him by himself.

"Though I can't spare you but little of it," Mr. Brown added, with such a beaming smile that Tommy took heart at once. In ten minutes covered his usual buoyant flow of spirits to such a degree that the sound flogging administered privily to her mischievous son had no lasting effect on his mercurial temperament.

Very early next morning Miss Vanvarre, pale and prettier than ever. came down and passed out on the old-fashioned piazza, at the further end of which Brown, wearing an arm in a sling, was impatiently pacing to and fro behind the screening network of woodbine and wisteria.

"My darling," he said, in a low, glad voice, "we belong to each other now." And as the young girl, shyly lifting her beautiful eyes to meet his own, laid both her slim white hands in the one extended toward her, Vandyke Brown, forgetful -and indeed, careless-of the possible effect upon his nervous system, drew her to him in a close embrace, and sealed their betrothal with a long, lingering-"Yum, yum!"

I hasten to explain that the above coarsely-suggestive utterance as reby a gourmandish smack of the lips, it proceeded from young Briggs, whose impudent, freckled visage was sud-denly thrust through the leafy screen. Leering upon the embarrassed lovers like a young Satyr, Tommy

chuckled joyously, and then, with-drawing his face, dropped on the green sward among the scattered debris of exploded fire-works, and kicked his heels together in the ambient air with ecstatic delight. And then they all went in to breakfast. FRANK H. CONVERSE.

-The elementary physiology class was always an interesting one, the pupils made so many queer statements, as "If anybody comes into the house with wet feet, he should take them off as soon as possible;" and the following hygienic maxim: "Ice-water ould not be eaten at meal-time." To the question: "What organ of the body warns the lungs of the presence of bad air?" a boy gives the delightfully inconsequent answer: "Bronchitis." -Harper's Bazar.

-Excited Citizen-"See here, you've got my portrait in your paper!" Editor-"Great Scott, is that so? Johnny, (to office-boy) see that no copies of this issue get into the hospital bexes. I don't want to retard the progress of

MEADOWS AND SWAMPS.

There are vast tracts of meado lands in nearly every section of the country, which, with a little cultivation could be brought into a tillable state. The lowlands on farms are sma I meadows, or, at least, the condi-tion of the soil is the same as found in mesdow bottoms. Every farmer knows that the great difficulty in cultivating such lands arises from the abundance of water which at all seasons of the year saturates the soil. But by a judicions system of drainage this difficulty clothed and in his right mind, descended with a fast beating heart to the old-fashioned sitting room, he found it empty.

Miss Vanvarre had gone down the street to buy fire-works for Tommy

each prong five or six feet in length.

Nail a cross piece to the two ends of the crotch, and insert strong iron teeth all along the two prongs of the crotch, all along the two prongs of the crotch, and insert strong iron teeth give it a thought, or if they did they would not surely see the children suffer would not surely see the children suffer together, nor putting any in the cross piece. If teeth are placed in the cross piece they will be liable to catch and eling to the rough roots, and cause considerable extra labor, and even break the rude harrow. To make the rude instrument more effective, it would be well to bend a strong oak or hickory row, so that the instrument could be lifted over large obstructions, or press-ed deeper into the soil when occasion required. If this instrument is drawn across the field, backward and for-ward, very few of the deep roots will escape the sharp teeth, which will cut

them in two, and bring them nearer to the surface.

When the field has been harrowe sufficiently, the stones and roots that have been thrown up should be carried off the field and the whole cleaned up two by an axe or some other sharp implement. Small stumps that escaped your eye at first will be brought to light, which must be extracted in some way before the harrow is put on the land again. The teeth of the harrow will need straightening by this time, and probably new ones put in. Har-rowing the field the second time will not be such difficult work as the first. There will be less obstructions to overcome, and the roots will all be finer and easier broken by the teeth. When

finished repeat as before-remove all stones and sticks with the hands. Usually far yers have one or more old plows on the place, which can be used very conveniently in turning over the top soil of the swamp land. The work of plowing must necessarily be very slow and laborious, and the wear and tear on the instrument will be so great that the plow will be of little use when it is laid aside. The furrows can not all be in a straight line; it would be impossible to attempt to do that, and many go so far as to plow any way, cross-wise, straight and angular. So long as the land is turned over, and the soil pulverized for several inches or a foot down, the work is sufficient Timothy seed scattered over the field thus worked will catch very well. The stalks will grow strong and hardy, and choke out all weeds. The first year the yield will be quite large but it would be unwise policy to put a machine in the field. If any thing is to be done with the grass, turn a few catit. If too many are not turned lose in the field, they will not rob the new at home, then there is no need for land of the plant life which the decomposed grass is intended to form for it. and their hoofs will serve to cut up the roots still left in the soil. Their manure will also be beneficial to the land. The second year you can be sure of a good, full crop of hay, one of the best paying crops in America, for next to grain hay ranks second in importance among crops raised in the United States. -Geo. E. Walsh, in Western Plowman.

-A hen, half black Spanish and half game, has been doing a land of-fice business in Rolla, Mo. She laid her first egg on the 10th of May, 1886. and has continued to lay an egg every day since. She went to setting as soon as she layed her first egg, and is stil on her nest. She comes off every morning to get water and food, and then goes back, She has hatched one egg a day except the first three weeks of her caraer. She has now been laying one year, and is the mother and hatcher of 344 chickens, one-half pullets and the other half roostersand she still looks well.

-George Whalen was riding near The Dalles, Ore., recently, when his lariat, coiled on the horn of his saddle, was jolted off as the horse ran. While at full speed he undertook to gather up the rope, and it became in some manner twisted around the thumb of his left hand. At that instant the noose dragging on the ground caught on a large rock, and the sudden jerk cut the thumb off between the first and second joints as clean as if done with a hatchet.

-A sheep raiser in Runnels County, Tex., has a beard five feet four inches long, and twenty-one inches wide in its broadest part. It is of a rich chestnut color, and its owner is very proud

-Lack of pure water may often account for the lack of eggs.

Great Importance.

Do be careful about taking the children out during the warm weather. See that they are properly clad in keep-ing with the weather, not alone their bodies, for most mothers pay attention to these, but take care of their heads. Avoid taking the little ones out when the sun is high, more especially at the noon hour, when there is little shade any where; but if you will take them out at such times, be sure and have hats for them that will shade their faces. The broader the brim the better they will be for the children. During the summer the most sensible and most comfortable hat a boy or girl can wear, for best or every-day, is a broadis drained, the grass should not be mowed off, but the whole field burned over as clean as possible. The ashes left on the top soil will enrich it with either big or little. Most children who the ingredients of plant food that are most needed, and the coarse stalks of the meadow grass will be destroyed. If the land is then turned over with the plow, and timothy-seed sown, the soil will be in a fair way to produce the ingredients. Most canadran was most canadran was are old enough to attend school are provided with this style of head covering, but the little ones who are at home all the time, going out only occasionally, are those who generally suffer for the want of it. When they are soil will be in a fair way to produce paying crops of hay in a short time. The timothy-seed should be sown quite thick, six quarts to the acre, the farmer going back and forth several times, in order to plant it in every nook and order to plant i order to plant it in every nook and crevice.

When the meadow is a swamp, full of large and small trees, the work of reclaiming it is more difficult. After thetrees and bushes have been cut down, and the brushwood burned, the labor of cleaning the land has just begun. The stumps and roots of trees are the most difficult obstructions that you have to encounter. The larger stumps are easily blown out by dynamite, or extracted with strong stump pullers, but the long roots and under ground branches which run and twist be seen in the streets of our city on round branches which run and twist be seen in the streets of our city or in every conceivable direction will be any of the warm days. The women the most aggravating. The land is too under lace parasols, looking as cool as rough to use a plow, and it would be impossible to go over the field and dig out all obstructions with some sharp or Tam O'Shanter on the backs of implement. The best plan is to continuous to the sharp or the backs of their heads, and the sun beating down struct a rude instrument out of an old on the front, looking hot and uncom tree, which can be done with but little fortable, with the perspiration trickcost and labor. Take an old crotch of ling down their faces. The women are, a tree, half a foot in diameter, with to all appearances, perfectly oblivious each prong five or six feet in length. of the children's discomfiture, though remedy it.

The straw Tam O Shanter hat is on of the prettiest styles of hats for very

little boys, and any child when dresse

neatly looks well in it. It has a jaunty, careless effect when perched on the back of the head, and is a particularly cool affair when worn in the shade but when worn in the sun it is the most uncomfortable head-covering that c: I be used. Few women will go out at the noon hour, unless it is actually necessary that they should, with only a small bonnet on their heads, and walk any distance, probably a street or two, without going home with a head-ache that will take a good night's rest to relieve. Yet the little ones are made to walk, or half run, for few women accommodate their steps to the children's, under the fiercest sun withing that their children's little heads may throb and ache as much, if not nore, than theirs would were they treated in the same manner. often a child, after being out with the mother, is feverish and restless during the night, so much so as to alarm the parents. The mother looks around for the cause: "He can't have caught cold; I don't know what can have caused it," she says, puzzled. know he wasn't in any draughts, for we kept in the sun most of the time.' It does not occur to either parent that he may be prostrated by the sun. Oh, no; he has a cold; they are certain about that, and they doctor him accordingly. He is dosed and overheated, when the one thing he requires s rest, and the least little draught which may be only the opening of a door, may bring on a disease from which it will take him a long time to recover. A little forethought on the part of the mother might have spared he child a great deal of suffering, and both parents a great deal of anxiety suggest to this mother that it was the effect of being so much under the rays of the sun, she would say: "Why, no; that couldn't be, for he never complained while out of the heat; he was well enough until the evening." Just as though any child would complain while on the street. The excitement of the different people and things he meets confuses the little one to such an extent that, no matter how ill he tle into the lots and let them graze on may be, he will not complain, but after the excitement subsides and he is complaint, his actions are enough. It is strange that the mother, who tries

> jaunt, and would be surprised to think that that would hurt him. During the warm weather the driver of some express teams and some others use what they call sun-bonnets over the heads of their horses to protect them from the fierce summer sun. If the horses are affected by this, how much more will it affect the tender head of a little child. Are these drivers more considerate for their horses than mothers for their children? To be sure not in many things, but in a case such as this they certainly are.

No thoughtful woman will ever take a child out during the noon hour of a hot day unless she is obliged to, in which case she will see that the little one has ample head-covering, and not run the risk of sunstroke and softening of the brain, which very often follows a case of prostration by the sun. -Bos-

-Farmer Spencer, of West Monroe. Y., has a queer litttle calf. It is six weeks old, and about half the size of a calf of its age. Its body is covered with genuine black wool, similar to that seen on lambs, while perhaps there are half a dozen spots of long silky white hair. Its legs and feet resemble those of a calf, while its head and tail, which are black, are those of a sheep, and it bleats like a lamb. The mother and father of this curiosity were both bright red, and Mr. Spencer has had no sheep on the premises until within a few weeks ago. The mother refused to own her offspring, and would have de-stroyed it had it not been taken away. -Alum is now considered the best

purifier of water, making it perfectly clear and sparkling without giving it

-Pure cotton-seed oil is advocated saved separately from the solid excre-ment and is sold to gardeners at the rate of \$10 per cow for a year.

-When cornstalks are cut into short engths the uneaten stubs serve an execilent purpose as a manure absorbent, and in this condition make good ma-nure for any crop.—*Toronto Globa*. -Never confine an animal in its stall by fastening a rope around its neck. Always use halters, both for horses and

cattle, as a slight mistake in adjusting the rope in making the knot may cause injury or loss .- Troy Times. —A teaspoonful of glycerine and a few drops of nitric soid to a pint of drinking water will generally cure a fowl that shows symptoms of bronchitis, when accompanied by a gurgling sound in the throat, as if choking.—

-A dark carpet often looks dusty so soon after it has been swept that you know it does not need sweeping again, so wet a cloth or sponge, wring it almost dry, and wipe off the dust. A few drops of ammonia in the water will brighten the colors.

-Chocolate Meringue Pudding.-Boil one pint of rich milk, add half a teacup of butter, one of sugar, three ounces of grated chocolate. Boil; when cool add the yolks of four eggs; pour in pudding dish lined with slices of sponge cake and bake; cover with meringue and brown. Eat with lemon sauce.-Albany (N. Y.) Journal. -Gravy for Boiled Meat: Take a

meat has been boiled, thicken it with a little flour and butter, adding for a flavoring a teaspoonful of pickled cu-cumbers and a sprig or two of parsley, both finely minced. A little mustard and vinegar may be added if liked. Serve in a tureen.—Boston Budget.
—Tomato Omelet.—To one quart of young, fresh corn, well boiled and

grated, add one quart of tomatoes, peeled and stewed. Season with salt, pepper, a small quantity of sugar, on-ion and one tablespoon butter and mix thoroughly. When placed on the fire add three or four well-beaten eggs. Serve hot.—Chicago Herald. -Every farmer has noticed the dete

rioration of oats. The best varieties tle better than the common oats. More attention might be profitably given to the seed. Two suggestions have been made: Thresh the bundles lightly with a flail and thus get the best seed; the other, winnow out all the light oats.--No doubt some enterprising per

on could do a fair business advertising cross-bred eggs. It is done in England with good results. A person desiring a cross of Leghorns and Brahmas, for instance, would prefer to buy such eggs rather than wait a year or two for pro-ducing the same. No doubt there is a good field open for some one in that

-A few rules for making good but er are: First, be very clean in milking, washing the udder and teats be fore beginning; use tin pails, well scalded and clean; strain in a deep pan about eight inches in diameter and twenty inches deep; keep the milk cool; do not allow the cream to stand over thirty-six hours after skimming of sixty-two degrees before churning.

—St. Louis Republican.

—A successful poultry-raiser feeds wheat in the morning, barley at noon, and wheat in the evening. In addition to the barley he gives the slops and re-fuse from the kitchen, after boiling it. The wheat gives a rich yellow color to the volks, which is so much desired in the city, where eggs are sold in retail markets. He says one great mistake many chicken raisers make is in feeding chickens too much, and this accounts for their becoming diseased.

DESTROYING WEEDS.

How Land Can Be Cleared of Them is coming when the mos uccessful farmers will have but very lew weeds to contend with, for we are bout to make another step of progres in the cultivation of hoed crops. It is no longer going to be the universal custom to cease the war with the weeds at midsummer, but some farmers ar letermined to keep up the battle with weeds during the entire season, and others prevent any weed seeds from rience that land can be cleared of wee eeds in a few years, if no new seeds are permitted to ripen and fertilizers be used to feed the crops. In fact, it has peen demonstrated that a whole farm can be cleared of weeds by a few years ersistent effort, and thus even the oarn manure may be freed from weed seeds. A farm thus freed is of much aigher value, and can be worked not only with much more pleasure, but also with more profit.

with more profit.

It was a real comfort to have a garden that is freed from weed seeds. Cultivation is so easy, every farmer, if he does no more, should keep hi kitchen garden free from weeds; he should never permit any to ripen their seeds. It is true this, for the first year or two, is some labor, but it ea be done, and it pays to do it. The way to do it is simple and within the reas of all—by simply pulling all of the weeds and permitting none to ripen any seed, and using fertilizers, the work will be accomplished. The great mistake which most gardeners make is in neglecting the garden in August and September, the very time when the weeds grow the best and ripen their seed in the least possible number of days. Every weed that is permitted to grow will probably ripen ten thousand seeds-some of them more than ten times that number. It does not require any argument to prove that it would be easier to destroy one weed in August than ten thousand the following spring; so, though an August weed might not injure the ripening crop, it is economy to take particular pains to destroy it before it begins to ripen its

While some farmers are fully alive to the importance of destroying all the weeds that make their appearance among the hoed crops, they neglect entirely to destroy any that grow or the borders of the field, in the barnyard and around the farm-buildings; but if the farm is to be kept clean of weeds, it is just as important to destroy those on the borders of the field and in the barn-yard as it is to destroy them on the plowed land. Farmer should carefully cut down, at least twice a year, all of the weeds, aroun the cultivated fields, and on other por tions of the farm, and thus prevent the ripening of weed seeds. There is no labor on the farm that pays better than this .- N. E. Farmer

In favor of protection-the old

The world satounded with the stand new disclosures of science on sonous exects of the alcohol in win whisky, brandy, etc. See the July of Demorest's Monthly. Price & Demorest's Monthly.

mortal remains to the cause of R. W. Tansill & Co., Chicago: Everybody wants 'Tansill's Everybody wants "Tansill's Punch" 5c c'gar now; they were always good but of late they have improved. I heartily approve of your way of doing business, you are sure to hold and increase your trade.

A. Arenn, Druggist, Chicago, Ill.

SHUN Cintments and Lotions for skin dis-cases and use Glenn's Sulphur Boap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c. The best. STANDS to reason—the gentleman

Ax early struggle—trying to get you wife to build the fire.

OXYGEN CURE. Throat, lung, nervous dispass. Book free. Dr. Geppert Cincinnati. O

THE MARKETS. CHICAGO

BALTIMORE

FLOUR-Family
GRAIN-Wheat No. 3.
Corn-Mixed
Oats-Mixed
PORK-Mess
LARD-Refined
CATTLE-First quality
HOGS. GRAIN-Wheat No. 2 red. Corn-Mixed Oats-Mixed

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Me contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients. J CHAL N. CRITTENTON, NEW YO CATARRH



For a woman to say she does not use

Nobody uses ordinary soap now they can get "Lenox."



DR. RADWAY RESOLVENT

THE GREAT BLOC

Health ! Beauty



MIANI COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, I

\$5 TO \$8 A DAY, Samples worth



Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap, is to admit she is "behind the times."